

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgiue; but when we haue stufft
These Pipes, and these Conueyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue suppler Seules
Then in our Priest-like Fast: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then Ile set vpon him.

Brū. You know the very rode into his kindnesse,
And cannot lose your way.

Mene. Good faith Ile proue him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long, haue knowledge
Of my successe. *Exit.*

Com. Hee'l neuer hear him.

Sicin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Iniury
The Gaoler to his pittie. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismiss me
Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, vnlesse his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to sollicite him
For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties haile them on. *Exeunt*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

Wat. Stay: whence are you.

Wat. Stand, and go backe.

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue,
I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with Coriolanus.

Wat. From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.

Wat. You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall

will no more heare from thence.

Wat. You'l see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l speake with Coriolanus.

Mene. Good my Friends,
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lorie to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares: it is Menenius.

Wat. Be it so, go backe: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere passable.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparallel'd, happely amplified:
For I haue euer verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle vpon a subtle ground
I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Haue (almost) stamp't the Leafing. Therefore Fellow,
I must haue leaue to passe.

Wat. Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
as you haue vttered words in your owne, you should not
passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to
liue chaffly. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Prythee fellow, remember my name is Menenius,
alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall.

Wat. Howsoeuer you haue bin his Lier, as you say you
haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, must say you
cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can't thou tell? For I would not
speake with him, till after dinner.

Wat. You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

Wat. Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,
when you haue pusht out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignotance, giuen your
enemy your shield, thinke to front his reuenges with the
ease groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your
daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a de-
cay'd Dotant as you seeme to be? Can you thinke to blow
out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with
such weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therefore
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are
condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of repreeue
and pardon.

Mene. Sirra, if thy Capitaine knew I were heere,
He would vse me with estimation.

Wat. Come, my Capitaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

Wat. My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: leaue
I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the ver-
most of your hauing, backe.

Mene. Nay but fellow, fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you:
you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall
perceiue, that a lacke gardant cannot office me from my
Son Coriolanus: guesse but my entertainment with him: if
thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death
more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, be-
hold now presently, and swoond for what's to come vpon
thee. The glorious Gods sit in houely Synod about thy
particular prosperity, and loue thee no worse then thy old
Father Menenius do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre-
paring fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it.
I was hardly moued to come to thee: but being assured
none but my selfe could moue thee, I haue bene blowne
out of my Gates with sighes: and coniuere thee to pa-
don Rome, and thy petitionary Countymen. The good
Gods assuage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon
this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed
my access to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are seruanted to others: Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcan brefts. That we haue beene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulnesse shall poison rather
Then pittie: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine eares against your suites, are stronger then
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,
And would haue sent it. Another word Menenius,
I will not heare thee speake. This man Aufidius
Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Aufid. You keepe a constant temper. *Exeunt*

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

Wat. Now Sir, is your name Menenius?

Mene. 'Tis a spell you see of much power:

You know the way home againe.

Wat. Do you heare how wee are sent for keeping your
greatnesse backe?

Mene. What cause do you thinke I haue to swoond?

Wat. I neither care for th'world, nor your Generall:
for such things as you, I can scarce thinke ther's any, yet
so flight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it
not.

not from another: Let your Generall do his worst. For
you, bee that you are, long; and your misery encrease
with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. *Exit*

Wat. A Noble Fellow I warrant him.
Corio. The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock,
The Oake not to be winde-shaken. *Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
Set downe our Host. My partner in this Action,
You must report to th' Volcian Lords, how plainly
I haue borne this Businesse.

Auf. Only their ends you haue respected,
Stopt your eares against the generall suite of Rome:
Neuer admitted a priuat whisper, no not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Corio. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I haue sent to Rome,
Lou'd me, about the measure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old Loue I haue
(Though I shew'd sowrely to him) once more offer'd
The first Conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I haue yeelded too, Fresh Embassies, and Suites,
Nor from the State, nor priuate friends heereafter
Will I lend eare to. Ha? what shout is this? *Shout within*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Martius,
with Attendants.*

My wife comes formost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection,
All bond and priuiledge of Nature break;
Let it be Vertuous to be Obstinate.
What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doues eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should
In supplication nod: and my yong Boy
Hath an Aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; Ile neuer
Be such a Gosling to obey inkind; but stand
As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin
Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that deliueys vs thus chang'd,
Makes you thinke so.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I haue forgot my part,
And I am out, euen to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh,
Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not say,
For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kisse
Long as my Exile, sweet as my Reuenge!
Now by the ialous Queene of Heauen, that kisse
I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe
Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray,
And the most noble Mother of the world
Leaue vnslur'd: Sinke my knee i'th earth,
Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew
Then that of common Sonnettes. *Kneeles*

Volum. Oh stand vp blest!
Whil't with no softer Cushion then the Flint
I kneele before thee, and vnproperly
Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,

Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me?

To your Corrected Sonne?

Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun:
Murdring Impossibility, to make
What cannot be, flight worke.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Sister of Publicola;
The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the Icele
That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow,
And hangs on Dian's Temple: Deere Valeria.

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours,
Which by th'interpretation of full time,
May shew like all your selfe.

Corio. The God of Souldiers:
With the consent of supream Ioue, informe
Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst proue
To shame vnvulnerable, and sticke i'th Warres
Like a great Sea-marke standing euer flaw,
And sauing those that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my braue Boy.

Volum. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my selfe,
Are Sutors to you.

Corio. I beseech you peace:
Or if you'd aske, remember this before;
The thing I haue forsworne to graunt, may neuer
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my Soldiers, or capitulate
Again, with Rome's Mechanickes. Tell me not
Wherein I seeme vnaturall: Desire not t'allay
My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reasons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more:
You haue said you will not grant vs any thing:
For we haue nothing else to aske, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will aske,
That if you faile in our request, the blame
May hang vpon your hardnesse, therefore heare vs.

Corio. Aufidius, and you Volces marke, for wee'l
Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your request?

Volum. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment
And state of Bodies would bewray what life
We haue led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe,
How more vnfortunate then all liuing women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts,
Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare & sorrow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to see,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we
Thine enmities most capitall: Thou barr'st vs
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enioy. For how can we?

Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory:
Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we must loose
The Countrey our deere Nurse, or else thy person
Our comfort in the Countrey. We must finde
An euident Calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win. For either thou
Must as a Foraine Recreant be led
With Manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,